

Her Voice exceeds all music,
 Her body's comely carriage,
 Her gesture, and divine grace
 Doth ravish all beholders.
 Her mind, it is much heavenly,
 And which exceeds all judgement;
 But such sweet looks, sweet
 thoughts tell
 And makes her conquer that
 Sense*

Reveal, sweet Muse, this secret!
 Wherein the lively Senses Do
 most triumph in glory ? Where
 some of sacred hands talk,
 Whose blessing makes things
 prosper ; Where some of well
 skilled fingers, Which makes
 such heavenly music With
 wood and touch of sinews :
 PARTHENOPHE'S divine Hands,
 Let them but touch my pale
 cheeks ! Let them but any part
 touch, My sorrow shall assuage
 soon ! Let her check the little
 string! The sound to heaven
 shall charm me* Thus She, the
 Senses conquers.

ODE i 8 .



THAT I could make her, whom I
 love best, Find in a face, with
 misery wrinkled ; Find in a heart,
 with sighs over ill-pined,
 Her cruel hatred!
 O that I could make her, whom I
 love best, Find by my tears, what
 malady vexeth; Find by my throbs,
 how forcibly love's dart®
 Wounds my decayed heart!